

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

Bringing Up Father—By George McManus

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UNCLE WIGGILY'S BEDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND SUSIE'S MUFF

(Copyright, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
BY HOWARD R. GARRIS.

One day, as Uncle Wiggily was hopping along through the woods, he met Susie Littlefellow and the little rabbit girl's mother.

"Why, Susie! Aren't you going to school today?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as he took off his tall silk hat and made a low and polite bow to Mrs. Littlefellow.

"Oh, yes, she's going," spoke Susie's mother. "But first I'm going to take her to the eleven and twelve cent store and buy her a new muff. I was going to wait until Christmas, but Susie's paws get so cold now that I thought I wouldn't wait, but would get the muff at once."

"I think it would be best," spoke the bunny. "Cold paws aren't good for the little girl. I hope you got a nice muff, Susie."

So the little bunny girl and her mother hopped on to the eleven and twelve cent store. Uncle Wiggily went looking for an adventure and, after a while, something happened.

It was later in the afternoon, and Mr. Longears was on his way back home to his hollow stump bungalow, and he was feeling rather sad that he had not met with an adventure that day, when, all of a sudden, there was a rustling in the bushes.

"Ha! Maybe this is an adventure now!" thought Uncle Wiggily, all ready to run if it should turn out to be the Pipsawah. But it was only Susie Littlefellow, with her new muff.

"Why, Susie, aren't you coming home from school rather late?" Uncle Wiggily asked.

"Yes, I am," answered Susie. "I was kept in."

"Not for whispering, I hope," said the bunny.

"No, for taking my new muff out of my desk in school time and showing it to Lulu Whistlewobble," was the answer. "But I won't do it again, and the lady mouse teacher didn't make me stay in very long."

"It is rather late, however," Uncle Wiggily said. "I'll walk home through the woods with you, Susie, so nothing will get you. I don't believe anything but it would be too bad if anything should happen to your new muff."

Susie thought so, too, and she walked along, rubbing the nice, soft silk plush of her muff. The animal folk don't use fur muffs, but always the kind made of silk plush, or one fluffy cotton from the inside of the pods of the milkweed plant.

So Susie and Uncle Wiggily were walking along, and the rabbit gentleman had looked at and admired the bunny girl's new muff from the seven and eleven cent store, when, all of a sudden, there was a howl and a scrambling among the dried leaves,

and Uncle Wiggily felt himself grabbed and pulled along backward.

"Oh, dear! What has now?" cried the bunny gentleman.

"I haven't," whispered Susie in his left ear. "The old wolf is here, and he's just then, and was going to grab us both, but I saw him in time, and I slipped out of his grasp and hid in this hollow stump with me."

"And so we are made a hollow stump are we?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes," answered Susie in a whisper, "and the wolf is waiting for us outside."

"I wonder how long he'll wait!" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I'll wait until you both come out," howled the bad chap. "Oh, I heard what you said," he went on. "You hiding in that hollow stump. But you can't stay there all night. You'll have to come out soon, and then I'll get you. Oh, you scoundrel! Yum! Yum! Yum!"

"Dear me," said Uncle Wiggily to Susie. "This is rather too bad."

"Indeed it is," said Susie, as she stroked her silk plush muff with her paw.

"If we only had something with which to scare away the wolf, we would come out of this hollow stump all right," said Uncle Wiggily. "If your brother Sammie were only here, he might have something in one of his many pockets to scare the bad chap as he scared the Skeeticks by throwing marbles at him."

"Why, I have something to scare the wolf," said Susie.

"In your pocket?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Course not! Girls don't have pockets," softly laughed Susie. "But I have my muff! Uncle Wiggily, take it! Put it on your head, in place of your tall, silk hat. The muff looks just like the fur skin hats some soldiers wear. Put my muff on your head, stick your ears inside and then poke your head up out of the stump. The wolf will see you, and he'll run away!"

"I'll do it!" said the bunny. With the muff on his head he slowly rose up from within the stump. And, no sooner did the wolf see the black, silk plush thing, like the hat of a dragon soldier, than the bad chap cried:

"Oh, I made a mistake! I made a mistake! I didn't know a sword-slashing, gun-pointing dragon soldier lived here! Oh, please excuse me, Uncle Wiggily and Susie!" And then the wolf, really thinking Susie's muff on Uncle Wiggily's head was a soldier's hat, and that a soldier was in the stump, ran away as fast as he could go.

Then Susie and the bunny gentleman could come safely out and all was well. And if the cream puff doesn't blow a hole through the Swiss cheese so the apple pie jumps out and gets lost in the spoonholder, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Jackie's sugar.



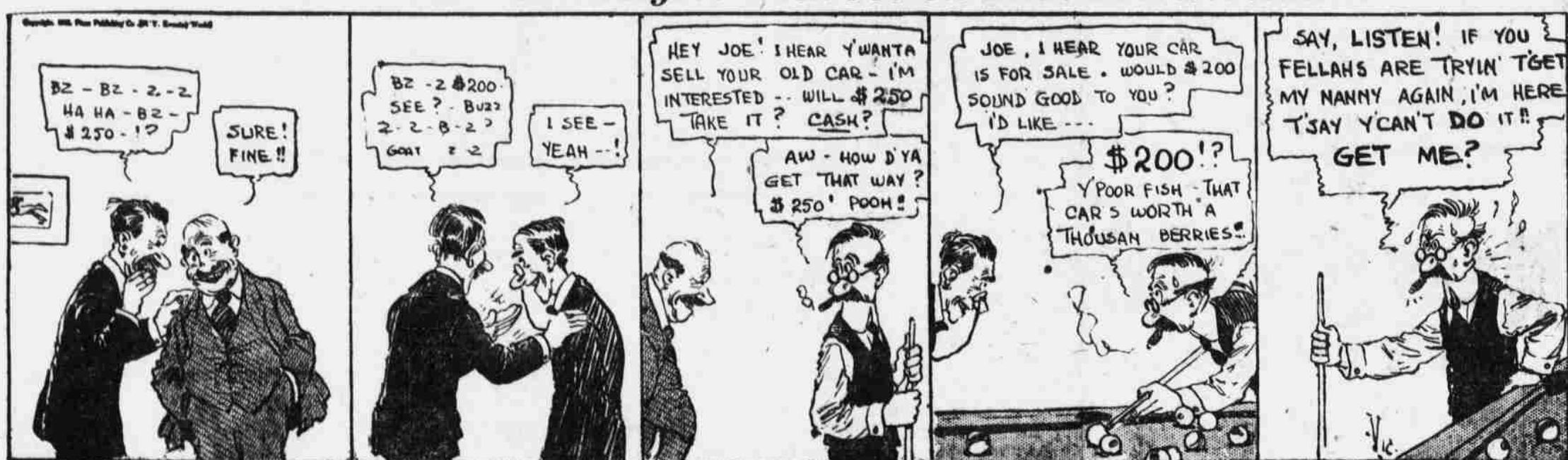
LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Oh, Would That We Were THAT Pup



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—What Does the Poor Fish Know About Anatomy?



JOE'S CAR—Can't Agree With Joe on That Last Statement



Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.
The world-famous writer on vital subjects.

"I am 15 years old," she writes, "and I have had the pleasure of falling in love."

It is an odd expression, "the pleasure of falling in love." Falling in love is an emotional experience which few persons escape at one time or another, but it is usually considered to be a pleasure, with all its consequent doubts and uncertainties, its hopes and despair.

And the rest of the girl's letter does not bear out the optimism of her first statement. She goes on:

"While working in a certain office, I met one of the salesmen, who asked to take me out. He is very nice, and I went out. I have been going out with him now for several months, and I find that I am very much in love with him. He is considerably older than I am, but he also loves me and has told me of his feeling for me."

Recently, though, he has mentioned that he is already married. He says, however, that later on he will get a divorce from his wife and that then we will be married."

This gentleman may not be good, but he is certainly careful. He waited all these months until he was sure that he was in love with her, and then he casually dropped his bomb right on the top of her head, leaving it to cleave through the top of her head and explode there.

Youthful innocence is all very lovely in its place, but it may be unduly prolonged. Its place is evidently not in an office where strange men of whose life histories you know nothing are apt to ask you to dine or to go to a play with them, and where you are apt to yield to your inclinations and accept their invitations.

Why play the part of a silly little lamb running right into the jaws of a wolf who is waiting to gobble you up? In such situations an ounce of sophistication is worth a pound of girlish innocence. It is always wiser as well as

achieved. It is not exactly a simple process, and usually requires time and the expenditure of considerable money. If he is breaking up his home, or has any good reason to do so, that is his affair, but don't you be an accessory to it. Even if you ultimately married him, how could you be sure of his unstable affection? Two, three, four years, and he would probably be serving you in the same way that he has served his present wife.

Break the affair off, my dear, before he has a chance to do so. Put your head up, smile and say pleasantly, but firmly:

"I have been thinking over our friendship and although it has been very delightful, I have come to the conclusion that we have both been rather foolish, and that it had better end here and now."

And stand by that decision. Don't be moved by all his pleadings and rayings and groans of despair. They really mean very little.

Your youth is a beautiful and wonderful thing. Don't waste it on a momentary infatuation. Life has endless opportunities for you. Listen to the counsels of your sane, cool head and not to those of your foolish, romantic heart.

Of course you do not believe that it is a momentary infatuation. It is, you feel, the love eternal, believing that you will carry with you to the grave.

Very well, I shall not contradict you. But I will make a bet with you that within two years you will thank me for what I have said from the bottom of your heart.

HOROSCOPE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1919.

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During this planetary away the stars are adverse, according to astrology. Although Saturn is in benefic aspect, Neptune, Mars and Jupiter are all in malefic aspect.

Uncertainty and unrest in business and political affairs appear to be forecast for the next few weeks.

Mars and Jupiter are so aspected as to preclude difficulty to commerce and business through clear struggles as well as actual warfare.

Military affairs again will occupy attention and Neptune indicates that there will be a great divergence of opinion concerning army matters.

Retardment will be more of a necessity than a mere choice before the winter is ended, the seers declare, for there is a sinister sign read as presaging a condition that surprises and disconcerts even those who have had foresight.

Public gratitude and recognition for extraordinary civil services are prophesied for the colored race which will have an opportunity to demonstrate its true Americanism, it is foretold.

One of the interpretations of this day's configuration seems to foreshadow riots due to food shortage or to exposures concerning profiteering.

Railways have the omen of a period of serious troubles that merely precede changes for the better, which the government is concerned.

Persons whose birthdate it is should

take no financial risks. Litigation will be unfortunate. Children born on this day may be steady and trustworthy but extravagant and ambitious. These subjects of Sagittarius usually are very lucky.

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER.
Compiled by John G. Quinius, the Sunshine Man.

The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—Phil. iv. 7.

Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.—Col. iii. 15.

Drop Thy still dew of quietness. Till all our striving ceases; Take from our souls the strain and let our ordered lives confess The beauty of Thy peace.—J. G. Whittier.

"These things write me unto you, that your joy may be full." What is fullness of joy but peace? Joy is tumultuous only when it is not full; but peace is the privilege of those who are "filled" with the knowledge of glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." It is peace, springing from trust and innocence, and then overflowing in love toward all around him.—J. H. Newman.

Through the spirit of Divine Love let the violent, obstinate powers of thy nature be quieted, the hardness of thy affections softened, and thine intractable self-will subdued; and as often as anything contrary stirs within thee, immediately sink into the blessed ocean of meekness and love.—G. Tersteegen, Dayton, O.

A Line On Men You Read About

Though he is approaching his seventy-fifth year the mind of Elihu Root, dean of New York lawyers, remains clear and active.

Were it otherwise, he would not have been retained as chief counsel for the prosecution before the United States supreme court that the prohibition statutes, particularly the Volstead law, are unconstitutional. The great question with which he is now grappling requires all the keen reasoning and the mastery grasp of facts which distinguished him when he had reached the height of his professional renown.

Mr. Root was known as a great corporation lawyer. With a practice that brought him in more than a quarter of a million dollars annually, when he was named by President Roosevelt as secretary of war. His success in this important cabinet position led Col. Roosevelt later to appoint him secretary of state. Here also he distinguished himself and later when he went to the United States senate he was instantly recognized as one of the handful of superlatively able men in that body.

A master mind, a mind serene, sane and efficient, men used to say of Elihu Root when he was more active in politics and statesmanship than he is now. The same phrase would be descriptive of him today as, with slight undimmed and vigor unabated, he grapples with the big questions of this era of construction.

Mr. Root was born at Clinton, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1845.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



Twice Told Tales

Ten Years Ago Today in Memphis.

DECEMBER 4, 1909.

Marital law has been declared at Bridgeport, O., where 2,000 striking workmen of the Anna Standard plant of the American Sheet and Tin Plate company, subsidiary of the United Steel corporation, have been rioting.

Warren S. Stone, head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, said that there was a spirit of unrest prevalent among the railway workmen that might presage a general strike.

Directors of the Union Station company, meeting in Louisville, Ky., have accepted the Union station ordinance of the city of Memphis and have directed that work begin on the new passenger station at an early date.

Miss Mary Rose Edgington complimented the debutantes with a box party at the Lyceum. The attraction being "Four of the Clowns." Among those present were Misses Martha McCallum, Fairfax Proudfoot, Elizabeth Maury, Edith James, Elizabeth Shepherd, Zella Pepper, Montgomery Cooper, Mignon Alston, Annie Buchanan, Mary Reed, Bernice Stainback, Harriette Semmes, May Pearl Scott, Mary Hays, Virginia Taylor, Hyrd Shoemaker, Marion Kavanaugh, Thelma Dorr, Natalie Armstrong, Marguerite Jones, Louise Carnes, Gladys Sullivan and Helen Johnson.

Read News Scimitar Wants.